



There is still nothing  
like looking at the swimming  
pools of America through  
our airplane windows.

Here is where his work, sometimes likened to Frank O'Hara's for its observational mode and cosmopolitan focus, veers down a different avenue. Though at times zoomed in on the minutiae of a blurring cityscape, Martin pans out to survey with a view that extends to the aerial, the telescopic. He magnifies the paradox of populated isolation into something bigger than just the space between human bodies: "I got lonely//thinking about how the galaxies are/so big they run//right into one another and never/even touch."

Martin's evolving considerations of scale and perspective are most affective in one frank moment of self-awareness:

I was listening  
to Jesus, etc.

the apartment on  
the first floor was looted

the Pistons were beating  
the Cavaliers and a helicopter

crashed in the Afghani desert  
so more Americans

could die estranged

He transitions from an image of himself listening to Wilco, to that of war casualties—a stark contrast and a reminder that no moment is ever so stagnant.

"In the midst of standing still something else is occurring and the name for that is the small dance." Martin takes this epigraph from dancer and choreographer, Steve Paxton, who refers to the way the smallest muscles flex to keep the body upright. The balance is always shifting, and with it, the body's relationship to "gravity, the floor, itself, and other bodies." He writes, "I would like to be able to describe to/you a stillness/but yawning at the funeral/was a kind of dance these flags/refolding/another."

Martin uses the phrase "false peace" to suggest that any perceived stillness just gives way to motion. In one instance, "music disturbs/a silence/that never was." Here he highlights the inevitable tremors:

It's Sunday                      a cat erupts

on the nightstand and wine  
moves into the socks

Spent the afternoon ogling

